

# O world I must now leave thee

m. Isaak, Bach  
trasc. a.p.

Capotasto al III

O world I must now leave thee But lit - tle doth it grieve me I

5 seek my na - tive land True life I thee in - her - it And

9 here I yield my spir - it With joy to God's all gra - cious hand

2. So on His Word relying,  
I know, while I am dying  
I seen shall see His face,  
Through Christ whose death hath bought me;  
The Father's love He brought me,  
And now prepares for me a place

4. And so I hence am going  
In peace, full surely knowing  
That now I shall have rest:  
I feel death's icy finger;  
My soul here cannot linger,  
Nor would I stay to go is best

3. The grave hath lost its terrors,  
Since for my sins and errors,  
My Savior did atone:  
My works can nought avail me,  
But His work cannot fail me,  
I rest in faith on Him alone

5. O world, I yet would teach thee  
That death will surely reach thee;  
Thou too must follow me;  
Then ere God's grace forsake thee,  
Repent! to Christ betake thee,  
That God have mercy too on thee